

Virtuti Sacellum.

A

Funeral P O E M

TO THE

MEMORY

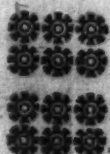
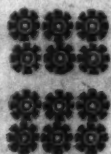
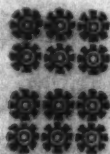
OF THE

Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of DUNDONALD.

*--- Virtus occidit Orbi
In caelis oritura ---*

By E. SETTLE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1720.

Wm. Jacobus

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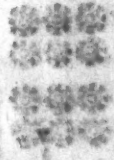
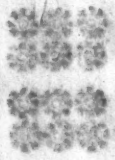
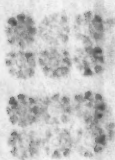
JOHN EARL OF BUNDONALD.



Printed by Wm. Jacobus

In each volume

By E. SETTLE



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, 1720.

A

Funeral POEM, &c.

SOME darling WORTHY t' an Immortal Crown
 Call'd up, his coarser Half in Dust laid down,
 At his last sleep to chant his *Requiem*,
 All Christians be the Bards on that high Theme.
 Or rather the bright Heads that lent the Wing
 To mount him, lend the Voice his *Dirge* to sing.
 No; th' *Angel Choir* has in that Song no share,
 A Funeral Dirge is all a mournful Air,
 Unheard above: Joy tunes the Musick there.
 In different Numbers the great Dead we chant,
 We mourn the HERO lost, in Sighs and Plaint;
 But they congratulate the welcom'd SAINT.

Thus at this Summons from th' Eternal Throne,
 Our World t' improv'ish, and enrich their own;
 In our divided Duty at this Urn,
 T' a dead DUNDONALD our wet Eyes to turn;
 Let his low'r Rites the Mortal Muse inspire,
 And leave the loftier Airs to the *Seraphick Choir*.

B

Now

Now then, my *Muse*, thy duteous Task essay,
Tell what th' indebted World has here to pay,
To their bright Sphere his display'd VIRTUES mount,
To sum the WORTH does the true *Loss* recount.
On thy best Wing thro' that High Region led,
To paint him Living, best can mourn him Dead.

Yes, here DUNDONALD, the just Rites to pay
At thy Entalment on thy Throne of Clay;
Oh, wou'd we render ought that's worthy Thee,
Thy own Memorials must th' Oblation be.
The *Persians* thus when they their SUN ador'd,
With Loads of precious Gums his Altars stor'd;
No more then all his own, their fragrant Steams
The Product of his own prolific Beams.

Here then this Task to undertake; from long
Revolving Ages past set out our Song.
The COCHRANS bright Original to track,
Thro' now whole sleeping Centuries look back:
Such the DUNDONALD Lineage to adorn,
From *Caledonian Veins* of HONOUR born:
WORTHIES enroll'd, such antiquated Dust,
Whose Images of venerable Rust,

Lie

Virtuti Sacellum.

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Lie stretcht on moulderd Monuments, so old,
That they are scarce less Dust then what they hold.
Let it suffice 'mongst all this Lineal Chain,
To turn no farther then First CHARLES's Reign,
The COCHRANS all to hardy Virtue bred,
No brighter Chiefs the Royal Standard led:
What but their fam'd Crown Services then set
New Gems in the DUNDONALDS Coronet.

And what tho' Loyalty, her Fate too hard,
Is often her deserv'd Success debarr'd!
She in her losing Hand this Triumph sings,
Even brighten'd by her very Sufferings.
In the dread Scenes on ALBIONS barb'rous Stage,
The Crimes and Chaos of that monstrous Age,
When black Rebellion's too unnatural Wars,
Like the old Dragons Tail, swept down the Stars,
Well she remember'd all serenely Bright,
Her COCHRANS still kept their unshaded LIGHT,
When that dark Day its horrid Face display'd
Darker then ev'n the old Egyptian Shade,
Whilst Heav'n for a bad World's black Sins alone,
(The Saint-like sufferer himself had none

To

To punish) saw the *Martyr's* HEAD lay'd low;
 Lookt on, nor rous'd one Bolt to stop the Blow:
 Who like the *COCHRANS* joyn'd in the long Groans
 Of weeping LOYALTY and shaking Thrones.
 Whilst *Anarchy* thus reign'd without controul,
 And the destroying *Fiend* her wrathful Bowl
 To all the destin'd Heads of HONOUR brought,
 To taste some Dregs of *CHARLES's* bitter Draught;
Rebellion's cruel Mercy had decreed,
 Where, from her sharper Fangs of Murder freed,
 The *Loyal Veins* she spar'd, their Gold shou'd bleed.
 'Twas thus wild *Anarchy* all raging found
 The doom'd *DUNDONALD* on this Side to wound;
 Such was the wrack his rapin'd Thousands || bore,
 So deep, th' *Arch-Rebel's* Happy Talons tore.

What tho' thus pillag'd, still his active Brains
 (The *Loyal Arms* then shorten'd!) spar'd no Pains
 T'enthroned the *Royal MARTYR's* exil'd VEINS.
 And, oh, to see all mov'd by Wheels divine,
 That blest that bloodless *Revolution* shine,

The

* *John* then Earl of *DUNDONALD*, fin'd by *Oliver Cromwell* 5000 l.

Virtuti Sacellum.

8

The late too dismal Sanguine Banners furld,
And down t' her Native Hell Rebellion hurl'd,
CHARLES's white Flag hung out to calm the World;
In *ALBION's* universal Jubilee,
Whose Joys more loud or lower bending Knee,
To see his dear *ADOR'D* (Oh the blest Charms!)
In his then penitent *BRITANNIA's* Arms.
'Twas from this Glorious *Origine*, our now
Mourn'd *WORTHY*, his inherited *VIRTUES* drew;
So bright a Copy of the *GOCHRAN* Race,
Enrich'd with each Divine and Humane Grace
For, oh, no Knee more dutifully bow'd
At th' *Altars* or the *Table* of his *GOD*.
Yes to that Height did his Devotion rise,
Like the unwearied *Bird of Paradise*,
Who's Wing ne'er flags before she falls and dies.
So high *DUNDONALD's* towering Glory flew,
Beyon'd the common Plans Ambition drew,
Th' Aspirer here, not satisfied alone
A ministring Light t' attend a Sovereign Throne,
But founding a Sublimer of his his own.

Yes, here his indefatigable Toyls
 Tug'd for yet higher Grace, diviner Smiles,
 Not the Court *Galaxy* content to joyn,
 But in *Immortal Constellations* shine.

Exalted PIETY thus fix'd above,
 How must his humbler Sphere of *Virtues* move!
 How bright a Course his radiant *Morals* run,
 Like borrowing *Stars* from such a lending *Sun*.
 Behold him then (nor wonder at the View!)
 Even his meer social Converse to pursue,
 JUSTICE and HONOUR his whole Actions sway'd;
 Not his least Thought from their joyn'd Standart stray'd.
 So all serenely just, sure in a Mind
 So beautified, the whole *ASTREA* shin'd;
 A Genius so refin'd, that fair Desert,
 Hence the Attractions won his *BEAUFORT's* Heart:
 She saw the Lustre of a Soul so bright,
 Like Saints enamour'd of Immortal Light.

With this fair *OSBORNE STEM*, his smiling Bride,
 Never was more auspicious Gordian tied;
 Not Day's proud Charioteer thro' his vast round
 A happier, oh, too short joyn'd PAIR e'er found.

Here

Virtuti Sacellum,

Here in one Triumph Song wou'd the whole *Nine*
Chant their blest Loves true Harmony Divine;
T' his *Life's* best *Half* their first just Duty pay:
Her *Conjugal Felicity* display.
What tho' we saw twice to Love's Altars call'd,
Her Laurell'd Head with all that Pomp enstall'd;
Her Nuptial Blessings that Gradation made,
As in a Coronation Cavalcade,
Where th' humbler leading Glories first appear,
Whilst the last bright *Crown'd-Head* brings up the Reer.
Thus in her second Bridal Robes array'd,
Her plighted Vows to her *DUNDONALD* paid;
So high, beyond her fainter Joys before,
The Price this more deserving *Hymen* bore.
LOVE the Supporter of the World design'd,
Had all such *PAIRS* stood Patterns to Mankind;
Nature her fair *Original* might boast,
Her *Golden Age* the World had never lost.
Thus amply blest, to build Love's halcyon Throne,
Not in the Fair *AUGUSTA's* Virge alone;
For his own *CALEDONIA* he prepares.
'Twas here new Homagers, new Knees, new Pray'rs,

Waited

Virtuti Sacellum.

Waited to hail the *Honourable* PAIR :
Nay his young *Stems* of HONOUR claim'd their Share;
By Heaven commission'd to a Trust so large,
Thus with a *Bridal* and *Paternal* Charge,
To have his last retiring Life bestow'd
Betwixt his *Nurs'ry*, *Spousals*, and his GOD ;
'Twas now thro' long long travell'd Leagues he drove,
With all the Wings of Piety and Love,
Love's natural Ambition, proud to bear
A *Southern Star* t' enrich his *Northern Sphere*.

Hither when Love's triumphant Chariot calls;
Scarcely had his own proud PAISLY's ecchoing Walls
Receiv'd their LORD, cheer'd with the *Bridal Smile*,
The PARTNER-REGENT of that honour'd *Pile*;
When lo, a louring Cloud roll'd on too fast,
And the fair Eyes, alas, too soon o'ercast :
A Cloud which in that dreadful Thunder broke.
The King of Terrors (oh the too dire shock !)
Her dear DUNDONALD call'd ! How ! call'd to die !
No, make his Tour to Immortality.
So wing'd for the high Joys where he aspires,
He comes no Stranger to th' Angelick Choirs.

Yes,

Virtuti Sacellum,

I I

Yes, so well taught to kneel, so taught t'adore,
His pious Breast that Heav'nly Musick bore,
That *Hallelujahs* were his Songs before.

Oh, say, my *Muse*, how the wing'd Goddess came
With all th' officious Herauldry of *Fame*,
All hovering his dying Pillow round
With their sad Trumps his *Exit* to resound,
Prepar'd to catch his last expiring Breath,
And bear his Living WORTH beyond the Virge of Death.

All find a Tongue to wail true WORTHIES dead:
Ev'n the fair *TWEDE*, rouz'd from her oozy Bed,
And rowling from her *Caledonian* Shore
On all the Streams her own Great Urn cou'd pour,
T' *AUGUSTA*'s wider *THAMES* the mournful Tale she bore,

Oh *BRITAIN*, Thou who with no common Pride
Beheldst thy late blest UNION Gordian tied,
Thy *Rose* and *Tbistle* in one Chaplet twin'd,
Thy *Joys*, thy *Int'rests*, and thy *Glories* joyn'd;
Bright was that smiling Morn. But, oh! to turn
A melting Eye to this dead WORTHY's Urn;
Their equally belov'd *DUNDONALD*'s Right,
Two wedded Kingdoms now in *Tears* unite.

D

Oh

